

# Crystal Wrists

Peter Murphy

I can't see the light, I'm thrown in disgust  
They speak of feats, the housed forever  
A howling wind changed my course  
It blew me out of bounds so sore  
All the walls, all the walls that bound me  
Descending bleak and put upon I chew my cheeks to wake up from  
The vase grows bigger  
To my eyes, these eyes that snigger  
And despise the wall grows taller up to doom Shoes in my room thrown in disgust  
At how I fall to my worst  
Of course you say you don't understand  
Your words, your fiction  
Your crooked hands But clearly now I tell you man  
That all I say is all I can  
For I am nothing but my sin  
Until I learn to caste them in While young girls fangs and crystal wrists  
Wait patiently for me to twist  
I look away to distant rains, to water falls  
And honey days and boys in black and blue rinse eyes  
Gaze whistly at my slender thighs I twist a shade to my right  
And spit at beelzebub on sight  
And go on loving all I see  
For here I live on patiently Clearly now I tell you man  
That all I say is all I can  
For I am nothing but my sin  
Until I learn to caste them in

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